

THE COURT PARROT. A NEW MISCELLANY, In PROSE and VERSE;

[None of which were ever before published]

Containing, among many other curious Pieces,

I. The Life and Progress (in *Hudibrastick Verse*) of the noted Mrs. C—Ph—pt, from her Marriage with D—f—ld, and afterwards with a certain Merchant, while her former Husband was living: Her suing for a Divorce, and the Proceedings in the *Archers Court of Canterbury*, &c.

II. The Secret History of *Henrada*, &c. her Amours and Intrigues with *Congravino*, a famous Poet, by whom she had one Daughter; her Separation from her Husband, Count *Adolphus*, who had been extremely fond of her; her inheriting a superior Title upon the Death of her Father, and a large Estate to support the new Dignity; her Behaviour at the Time of her Death, and an Account of her making her Daughter her sole Heiress, to

whom she bequeathed *Congravino's* Estate, which he left to her, and a considerable personal Estate.

III. C—t Honesty. Occasion'd by a certain Nobleman's not paying his Debts: Inscrib'd to the E— of T—

IV. Sham Loyalty: Or, The Disappointed Poet, &c. &c. &c.

V. An Elegy on the late Dutchess of *Ormonde*.

VI. *HARPER* triumphant: Or, the *Drury-Lane* Tragedy.

VII. Beauty, a burlesque Poem; inscrib'd to the Lady H—n, formerly Miss E—.

VIII. *Cupid* rival'd by *Bacchus*: Or, The Caruncled Lady: Inscrib'd to the Same.

IX. The Politick Lady: Or Trial the best Proof of Ability: Inscrib'd to the Same.

Among many other curious Particulars inserted in this Miscellany, is an excellent Ballad, call'd, The *Norfolk Freeholders*, (to the Tune of, *Hogan of Houghton*) printed on purpose to send down after a certain great Projector, who vainly opposes the Interest of Sir *Edmund Bacon* and *William Woodhouse*, Esq;

LONDON printed: Sold by J. Dorrer and

[Price One Shilling.] 1733.



THE
P R O G R E S S

OF

Mrs. C-- Ph-----s.



W H E N Nature calls, who durst to
say

I will not her Commands obey?
That Reason often stoops to Love
Is not so difficult to prove.

Cupid has all our Hearts and
Knees,

And we're his willing Devotees;
Some in an honest way, but some
With foetid Flames to's Altar come;
Their Incense neither pure nor just,
But the base Dregs of rampant Lust:
This I could prove from Manner ample,
From History and old Example;

But

But shall confine myself at present
To one notorious, fresh, and rescent.

CON was a Nymph by all admir'd,
And many Hearts her Charms had fir'd;
While blooming Beauties took their Place,
And sat triumphant on her Face;
While on her blooming Cheek we spy
The blushing Rose and Lilly vie,
And Cupids wanton in her Eye.

CON soon grew sensible her Charms
Gather'd innumerable Swarms
Of Lovers fond, and dying Swains,
Who took to win her mighty Pains;
Lies, Oaths and Vows, and pretty Songs
Came plentifully from their Tongues.
The Girl soon Mistress of her Art,
Play'd with them all a cunning Part;
And tho' she long'd to be embrac'd,
And those excessive Bisses taste
Which warm'd her Fancy, fir'd her Blood,
And only yet were understood;
Tho' she perceiv'd her Inclination
Was vastly strong for Propagation;
And tho' by any Means she must
Believe her most enormous Lust,
Yet a Thought shot into her Head,
That 'twould be prudent first to wed:
Had she a Husband for a Cloak,
She then might often take a Stroke
With whom she pleas'd, and ease the Itch,
Which still was tickling of her Breach,
And so on D-l-ft-kl did pitch.

HE soon found out his Lady's Cue,
And strove to give her Woman's Due:

In vain he strove; his Labour's lost;
 He's still out of the Saddle toft.
 This Drudgery he could not bear;
 Resolves another Course to steer,
 To give her Way, and let her range,
 And please herself with ev'ry Change.

SHE took the Hint, and quickly found
 A Merchant able, strong and sound;
 With him she marry'd, liv'd in Splendor,
 And of her he was mighty tender;
 But nothing could allay the Itch
 Of this insatiable B——h:
 His Frontlets bud and branch a-pace;
 He sees himself a Woman's Ass,
 A Stalking-horse, a very Stale,
 A Coy-duck for her gaming Tail.
 This gave unutterable Pain;
 He raves and frets, but all in vain:
 The Marriage Knot we can't untwist,
 Nor can dissolve it when we list:
 The Law in this is most severe
 To many a wrangling hapless Pair.
 But if a prior Marriage stands,
 And Parties live to own those Bands,
 The latter is dissolv'd of Course,
 And they may legally divorce.
 This did our prudent Merchant trace,
 And found it luckily his Case.
 A certain Information shews
 His precious Lady's former Spouse
 Was yet alive; away he hies
 To Proctor for his sage Advice.
 The Cause is heard; his Bus'ness done,
 And he gets rid of wanton CON.

This did not cause to CON much weeping,
 For soon the god an better Keeping,
 But yet, there is a Grievance still,
 She's subject to a Husband's Will;
 To D--l--d's morose controul,
 Which needs must vex a Lady's Soul.
 It was a most perplexing Thing
 She could not give her Lust its swing;
 But when a Woman lets upon't
 We judge she has as good as don't.
 CON is resolv'd to try the Farce
 Of Civil Law for a Divorce;
 And there the Cause is now depending,
 With little Hopes of speedy ending.
 Yet is our CON a Dame of Honour;
 Then who durst charge a Crime upon her?
 She scorns your common Drury Sluts,
 Who, for a Dram, turn up their Scuts;
 But really is, as one may say,
 A cleaver Lady in her Way:
 We shall not find in forty Score,
 So clean, so notable a Wh--e.

To many a wrangling hapless Pair,
 But if a prior Marriage stands,
 And Parties live to own those Bands,
 The latter is dissolv'd of Course,
 And they may leave the Court,
 This did our present Case trace,
 And found it lucky.

A certain Informant
 His precious Lady's former Spouse
 Was yet alive; away he hies
 To Proctor for his sage Advice.
 The Cause is heard; his Business done,
 And he gets rid of wretched CON.

An



An ELEGY on the Death of
the late Dutchess of OR-
MONDE.

BE hush'd, ye Winds, ye Billows cease to
 roar,

The GLORY of her Sex is now no more.

Ormonde, the Pious, Charitable, Great,

The virtuous *Ormonde* now submits to Fate:

Now Death in Triumph does her Conquest
 boast,

And what Mankind most precious deem'd, is
 lost.

Sweet was her Temper, and her Mind serene,

Her Words flow'd gently in melodious Strain;

Free from black Thoughts she liv'd, and base
 Desire,

Calm was her Mind, and pure as *Vestal* Fire:

No wanton Gayeties her Soul possess'd,

But Peace her Brow, and Quietness her

Breast,

And all the dear Delights of soft, transport-
 ing Rest.

From Envy free, an Enemy to strife,

A tender Parent, and a virtuous Wife.

Thus blest, she liv'd; and as she liv'd she died,

Devoid of Sullenness, devoid of Pride.

An EPITHALAMIUM on
*the Nuptials of his Serene
 Highness William, Prince
 of Orange, with Her Royal
 Highness Anne, Princess
 Royal of Great-Britain.*

YE Pow'rs who gave a *Milton* Voice
 To sing the Loves of Paradise,
 Assist my Muse ; an equal Choice
 Tempts her to stretch her Wing and rise.

HYMEN thy Nuptial Rites prepare,
 And light thy Torch with Heav'nly Rays ;
 Nothing impure or sordid here
 Presume to violate the Place.

Ye charming GRACES too, advance,
 So brilliant, sprightly, free, and gay ;
 The lovliest VENUS here demands
 Your Presence on this solemn Day.

Ye MUSES, Ye harmonious Nine;
 Who Love and Poetry inspire,
 Your soft melodious Voices join,
 And tune them to the vocal Lyre.

To Strains of bold and lofty Song
 (The Theme deserves divinest Lays;)
 Let all your Instruments be strung,
 And wide resound a NASSAU's Praise.

NASSAU! 'tis He your Song demands;
 Past Ages own the glorious Name;
 On lasting Monuments it stands,
 And will, while Virtue merits Fame.

Rejoice ye Sons of Liberty;
 * The Root another Sprout has shot;
 Soon will it spread into a Tree,
 And safe defend your happy Lot.

Successive Ages have beheld
 Successive Heroes in his Line;
 And Ages yet in Time conceal'd,
 Shall see fresh Laurels round it twine.

Nature, resolv'd to be compleat,
 And give the World a finish'd Name,
 What e'er was Worthy, Good, and Great,
 All temper'd in the Prince's Frame.

* Alluding to the Prince's Motto,
Tandem fit Sarculus Arbor.

Heroic

Heroic Ardours fire his Breast
To stand distinguish'd on Record,
For Tyrants by his Hand suppress'd,
And banish'd Liberties restor'd.

When in the Spring the Rising Sun
Shoots thro' the World his genial Ray,
Our Hearts rejoice the Day's begun,
And all the Face of Nature's gay.

With equal Pleasure we descry
Nassovian Splendours dawning forth;
Oh! may they rise Meridian high,
Till ev'ry Tongue proclaim his Worth.

The Great NASSAU, auspicious Name!
Honours, well-merited, assumes;
To us a Saviour WILLIAM came,
To bless, a Second WILLIAM comes.

How long, *Britannia's* Sons, will you
Yourselfs with empty Bubbles cheat?
What more can gracious Heaven do,
Than lay its Bounties at your Feet?

Cease then your Factions; hate no more;
For ever bid your Grievs be dumb;
Say, what can free-born Souls deplore
Where Liberty and ORANGE come?

To Thee, fair Princess, heav'nly Maid,
He offers free, unblemish'd Love;
Accept the solemn Incense paid,
And all his pious Vows approve.

'Tis

[11]

'Tis done; her Princely Heart she yields;
A Conquest worth an Empire's Crown!
Or Triumphs gain'd in bloody Fields!
Or all Ambition calls Renown!

Her Virtues, eminently bright,
To sweet Perfection early grew;
Goodness and Majesty unite,
And All her Father greatly shew!

Behold the amiable Dame!
What radiant Glories round her shine!
Such Virgin EVE to ADAM came;
And such to GEORGE WAS CAROLINE.

Form'd by her Royal Mother's Care,
Her Charms incessantly improv'd,
In blooming Lustre now appear,
By all admir'd, rever'd, and lov'd.

Imperial Graces take their Place,
And strike with reverential Awe;
Her Mind and Form contend to raise
A CONSORT worthy a Nassau.

O happy Youth! Illustrious Prince!
What envy'd Bliss thy Welcome greets!
Thy just Pretensions GEORGE befriends;
And ANNA'S Love thy Passion meets.

O thou eternally Supreme!
Send a choice Band of Angels down,
To guard their Loves to Life's Extreme,
And all their virtuous Wishes crown.

E H T

Give

Give them a Length of joyful Days;
 Peace ever smiling deck their Board;
 May Morn and Evening speak thy Praise,
 And Scenes of various Bliss afford.

May they behold (Heart-pleasing Sight!)
 Their princely Off-spring nobly climb
 By Virtue's Steps to Honour's Height,
 The Foremost in the Lists of Time.

Discord, with wild distorted Eyes,
 And Mischief-brooding Envy drive
 Down to those Realms where endless Sighs,
 And disappointed Malice live.

But here let Streams of Pleasure glide,
 Deep, strong, and clear, and smoothly on;
 No ruffling Storms to foul the Tide,
 Till the last Ebb of Life be run.

Then gently loosen'd from their Clay,
 Their Souls to boundless Bliss shall spring,
 There pure refin'd Devotions pay,
 And endless *Poems* sing.

O happy Youth! Illustrious Prince!
 What envy'd Bliss thy Welcome greets!
 Thy just Pretensions Crowned behind;
 And Anna's Love thy Passion meets.



O thou eternally young!
 Send a choice Band of Angels down,
 To guard their Loves to Life's Extremes,
 And all their virtuous Wishes crown.

THE



THE
SECRET HISTORY

OF

Henrada Maria Teresa.

HENRADA MARIA TERESA, was descended from a very ancient and honourable Family, on her Father's Side, but her Mother was of low Extraction. This Gentleman, having but a small Estate of paternal Inheritance, was obliged to cut out his Fortune with his Sword, which was the Fate of many others; he was a Person of great Conduct and Courage, and his gallant Behaviour soon rendered him conspicuous in the Eyes of the World. He had a lively and enterprizing Genius, was tall, well-shaped, and his Complexion was so fair mixed with a due Proportion of red, and there was such a Symmetry of Parts in his Face, that he obtained the Name of *Fair*.

In his younger Years he married *Jenina*, whose Mother had but an indifferent Character; but the Daughter had a plentiful Fortune, was a Woman of a deep Penetration, an aspiring
C Nature,

Nature, and always pushed herself forward, hoping that she should thereby be one Day advanced, and her Husband promoted to some considerable Post in the Army: Nor was she deceived in her Expectation, for she had wormed herself into the Affection and good Graces of the Empress's Sister, who gave her not only a Place under her at Court, but made her (as it were) her Companion, and intrusted her with all her Secrets.

She soon gained the Ascendant over this Royal Lady, and nothing was transacted without her Consent and Approbation. She was a Woman of so much Policy that she prevailed with the Emperor to make her Husband a *Count*, and indeed his Conduct and personal Bravery rendered him worthy of that Title. He commanded in Chief the Confederate Forces, when the Empire was threatened with a total Destruction upon an Invasion of their Enemies, whom he frequently routed, and at last forced them to quit the Country, and in the most suppliant Manner to sue for Peace. Having preserved the Empire from the impending Ruin that was over its Head, and compelled the Enemy to retire shamefully into their own Country, having suffered many ignominious Defeats, he had several Places of great Profit and Honour given to him, and was advanced to a higher Degree of Dignity. The Income of the many Posts he enjoy'd, together with the Advantages that accrued from the War, rendered him the most wealthy Person in the Empire. As there is no Man without one Fault or another, so the greatest Imperfection this Nobleman had, was Covetousness; but in reality he

was

was not so very penurious as People represented him, nor indeed so liberal as his Wealth and Dignity required. He considered that he had several Daughters, and as he did intend to match them with Families of high Rank, so he resolved to give them Portions adequate to his own and their Husbands Qualities.

Henrada was his Eldest Daughter, whose Wit and Beauty attracted the Hearts of many Noblemen, particularly of the young Count *Adolphus*, the Eldest Son of Count *Gustains Adolphus*. This young Nobleman had all the Qualifications necessary to form a complete Gentleman; but above all he was singularly remarkable for the noble Endowments of the Mind, he was strictly Virtuous, and strictly Chaste; Charitable, Even-temper'd, Good-natur'd, and a most kind and indulgent Husband. He esteemed himself extremely happy in his Marriage with *Henrada*, and she was well pleased with her Felicity of having espoused a young Nobleman, who had so many shining Excellencies, and manifested such conjugal Tenderness, that she was sensible of her being the only Object of his Desire. Thus they lived for many Years; and indeed might have lived many more in the same State had *Henrada* been so prudent to have adhered to virtuous Principles.

As she was a Lady of Wit and Spirit, she took a secret Pleasure in reading Poetry, of which she was a good Judge; but the Works of *Congravino*, gave her the greatest Satisfaction. To give him what is due to his Character, he was one of the best of the Age, and a peculiar Talent in writing Comedies, wherein he never failed of some double *Entendre's*, to raise a be-

coming Blush in the Fair Sex: And when he made Love his Subject, he writ such Softness, that he made a deep Impression in their Hearts. This was the Fate of *Henrada*, who was captivated with his Poems. If, says she, the bare Reading the Works of this Gentleman, can have such an Effect upon our Minds, what Wonders must he needs be capable of performing, when we hear the Words from his own Mouth? From that Day she studied how there might be an Interview between them; and as Secrecy was a material Point in this Case, it was some time before she could accomplish her Design: At last she determined to write to him, which she did to the following Effect.

Signior Congravinio,

I*F you have the Spirit of an English-man, you will not refuse a Woman's Challenge; meet me therefore this Evening in the Inamorate's Grove at the Back of the Palace.* *Adieu.*

She sent this Letter by a trusty Servant, with Orders to deliver it into *Congravino's* own Hand, who as soon as he had read it, said, Give my humble Service to the Lady, and let her know that her Commands shall be punctually obey'd.

This was acceptable News to *Henrada*, who, in reading her Favourite's Poems, had let the Time pass away imperceptibly 'till it was almost Six o' Clock. She then began to prepare herself for a Sally, and disguising herself in the best Manner she was able, and yet not to appear as a Person of the inferior Sort, she hasten'd to the Place of Rendezvous, accompanied by the Female Servant whom she intrusted with the Secret.

In

In a few Minutes after she came thither, she saw *Congravino* coming towards the Grove, upon whose Approach the Servant retired, and play'd the Part of a Centinel to give an Alarm, if any Person approached to interrupt their Conversation. As soon as he had the Honour of coming up to the Lady, whose Face was covered with a Veil, he said, Madam, if you are the Heroine, who sent me a Challenge this Day to meet you at this Place, I desire to know your Commands; but if you are some other Lady, who have made an Affignation here, I will instantly withdraw: For as you have the Right of Possession, as being the First, it would be indecent, as well as unjust, to interrupt you. — Sir, answered *Henrada*, I flatter myself in saying, that the Conversation of so polite a Gentleman as the celebrated *Congravino*, cannot fail of a kind Reception from me, who am the Person that sent you the Challenge. They then seated themselves on a Green Bank, and when they had talked half an Hour about one Affair or another, she pulled out of her Pocket a Volume of his Writings, and turning to a particular Page, which treated of Love, told him, that she had read that Piece with an inexpressible Pleasure, but desired she might hear it repeated by him, for then she was sure it would receive an Addition of many Beauties, which she had not Sense enough to discover. He readily complied with her Request, and laying every Emphasis in its proper Place, raised such an Emotion in the young Countess, that she could not refrain from squeezing his Hand, and thereby letting him know what an Extacy she was in. To work up her Imagination to the
Height,

Height, hoping thereby to gratify his Inclinations, he turned to some other Parts of the Book, which he read with such a Grace, that she had certainly yielded to any thing he would desire, if they had not been interrupted by the sudden Approach of her Servant, who nevertheless hem'd and coughed twenty times before she enter'd the Grove. She went directly to her Lady, and whispering said, Madam, I perceive a Gentleman steering his Course this Way, and by his Stature, Air, and Mien, I am persuaded that he is my Lord the Count. Go back, says the Lady, and bring the best Intelligence you can; then turning to *Congravino*, she said, Sir, I have too much Reason to apprehend a Discovery, and therefore must retreat in Time, but as a Signal of the Value I have for you, I request you to wear this for my Sake. She then took a Diamond Ring off her Finger, which she presented to him, and which he received upon his Knees, and begg'd the Favour of kissing her Hand. My Hand, said she! there is but little Satisfaction in such a Trifle: And thereupon she unveiled her Face. By all the Saints above, Madam, said he, if I were to draw the Picture of *Venus* to the utmost Perfection, I wou'd only aim to copy from such a beautiful Original. Upon this he embraced her, kissed her with Extacy, and vow'd eternal Fidelity. The young Countess promised he should hear quickly from her, and upon her Servant's Return, she went out at a private Part of the Grove, and was not detected by her Lord.

Contrary to the Practise of most Persons of Quality, *Henrada* performed her Promise, for the

the very next Day she sent him a Letter, wherein she acquainted him, that she would be at his House in cog that Afternoon. She came punctual to the Time appointed, and was received with all the tender Respect imaginable. They pass'd the Evening in Gallantry, and before they parted, they had the Satisfaction of revelling together for the space of two Hours. The Countess in a short Time perceived the blooming Hopes of their unlawful Pleasures, which prov'd to be a Pregnancy, and thereupon having a Meeting to consult what was proper to be done, they concluded to go to *Aix le Chapele*, where there was not so great a Probability of their being discovered, as there might be if they went to the *Spaw*. However they did not think it convenient to travel together, and therefore concluded that the Countess should set out first, and her Lover follow her the next Day. *Henrada* travelled by slow Stages on purpose to give *Congravino* an Opportunity of overtaking her, which he did in about two Days Journey from *Aix le Chapele*; they dined together, and in the Afternoon he took his Leave and set forward. When he had arrived at *Aix*, he hired a first Floor consisting of six Rooms, and going to meet the Countess, he seperated her trusty Servant from the rest, and slipt a Letter into her Hand, directed for her Lady, wherein he acquainted her with what Steps he had taken; and advised what Method to pursue. In the Evening *Henrada* arrived at the Lodgings, but was informed that a Gentleman had taken the first Floor: The young Countess seemed surprized, but on a sudden, with a smiling Countenance, she said, If he be a true *Chevaliere*, he will

will surrender five Rooms to a Lady in my Distress, and thereupon she took Possession of them. *Congravino* being informed by the Mistress of the House of what had passed, and that she could not possibly refuse a Lady of her Quality, to whose Family she was under many Obligations, he said, He would be content with the single Room, and hoped the Countess would permit him to acknowledge the Honour she had done him in accepting the Lodgings. He was introduced immediately, and after mutual Complements, they passed the Time away in discoursing on various Subjects, 'till Supper was laid upon the Table. When the Cloth was removed, *Henrada* told him, That there was a greater Conveniency in the Lodgings, than he was aware of; for a Door opened out of her Bed-chamber upon the Stair-Case, opposite to his, whereby they might have an Opportunity of conversing together without Suspicion.

They continued here the whole Season, to the great Joy and Satisfaction of each other; and tho' they were known by several Persons of Quality, yet they carried on their Intrigue with such Subtlety, that they did not give the least Occasion for Censure. They now prepared to return home, and began their Journey after the same Manner as when they set out.

The Kind, the Tender, and the Affectionate *Adolphus* received his Lady with open Arms; whether he had received any Information of her Behaviour, is what History does not mention; however he was so cautious, that he did not give his Domesticks any Umbradge to suspect his Uneasiness. A little before Bed-time, looking very intently upon the young Countess, he said,
Either

Either my Eyes deceive me, or your Ladyship is with Child. Your Lordship is much in the Right, she replied, without shewing any Manner of Concern. Then, Madam, said the young Count, I hope your Ladyship will give me the Satisfaction of knowing the Father's Name. As she would not comply with his Desire, they were separated by Consent from Bed, and in that State they continued for twelve Years, and kept a constant Correspondance with *Congravino*. At length *Henrada* was delivered of a Daughter, of whom all the Care imaginable was taken; and she was brought up in the House with her Mother. Much about this Time the Countess's Father died, whereby his Titles descended to her, and with them, a large Estate to support the Dignity. Little Miss, encreasing in Years, had the Happiness of pleasing her Mother, who perceived in her the Wit and Sprighlines of the Father; who dying a few Years after, placed such an entire Confidence in *Henrada*, that he made her his sole Heiress and Executrix, not in the least doubting but she would take care of his Daughter. 'Tis true, he did not recommend the Child to her, which he imagined would be fruitless, being persuaded that *Henrada* would always look upon her with an Eye of Tenderness and Affection. She took as much Care of her Education, as if she had been her Legitimate-Daughter, and no Pains or Cost were spared to make her an accomplished young Woman. She would not permit her to be called by any other Name than her Father's, for whom she retained a grateful Remembrance, and, as it is said, shed many Tears, when she looked earnestly upon Miss: She took Care to

D

have

have her imbibe the most virtuous Principles, and to be instructed in the strictest Rules of Morality, that her Mind might not be formed only with an Idea of what was Good, but cultivated with the Practice of it; and also to have an Abhorrence of entertaining a Notion of any thing tending to Vice or Dishonesty, even in the most minute Point. A Mind thus framed in its tender Years, must render the Person the Delight of Mankind, especially when arrived to Maturity.

Whether *Henrada* laid too much too Heart the Death of *Congravino*, I cannot take upon me to determine; she did not survive him above five Years; at last being seized with a lingering Distemper, she was advised to take the Country Air, but relapsing several times, and her Constitution being greatly impaired by her Sickness, she was at last constrained to pay the last Debt to Nature.

When she was sensible of the Approach of Death, she called for Miss, gave her her Blessing, and having made her Will, left her all her Father's Estate, by whom she was impowered to leave it to whom she pleased, and made a very large Addition to it. She died a Penitent, and was sorry she had wronged so good a Husband as *Adolphus*.



EPISTLE *from a poor* POET,

TO
Lord REASON.

AS some great Monarch, proud of doing
Good,
That loves his Subjects, and protects their Blood
From cruel Foes, that wou'd their Peace
destroy,

And uncontrol'd their fruitful Plains enjoy;
At last, by Rebel Subjects, is disown'd,
And, by some impious Tyrant's Hand, dethron'd:
Is Reason fall'n! once Empress of the Mind,
And in her Room has scarcely left behind
Nought but the Will, a Power dark and blind. }

Reason, that when weak Virtue went astray,
Shone forth to shew the vain deceitful Way
That Man pursu'd, led on by wild Desire,
And never cou'd, without her Light, retire,
Is flown to Heaven; from whence the Goddess
came,

The World grown Reprobate and void of Shame.
And if behind she's left an Influence still,
We think by Reason, but we act by Will.

And now, behold a Race of impious Souls!
Whom neither GOD, nor Fear of Man con-
trouls; Morality

Morality is rooted from the Breast,
 And Virtue now is what they most detest;
 Her Rules are rugged, and they cannot bear,
 To taste a Pleasure that's the least sincere.

Ttrange! that to Ruin Men with Joy shou'd
 run,
 And hug that most, by which they're most un-
 done.

Shew me a Brute, that wou'd run mad as much,
 To take in Food, he knows is Death to touch!
 Does ever Reason now that Mortal bind,
 Whose Will's to Vice, or Luxury inclin'd?
 Or, if the Goddess points the happy Way,
 Which of us all her golden Rules obey?
 If blinded Passion swell the lab'ring Breast,
 Does ever Reason set the Soul at Rest?

Reason but seldom at the Helm resides
 To guide the Vessel thro' the furious Tides.

Our Will so eager are we to obtain,
 For Moments Pleasures we've whole Years of
 Pain:

Hot Lust within the fordid Bosom reigns,
 And fetters down the Soul with carnal Chains;
 Eager to grasp thus every trifling Joy,
 Man scarce on Heaven can a Thought employ.
 When Reason's lost, what num'rous Ills ensue?
 And where's a Power can those Ills subdue?

Reason once lost, Religion too is gone,
 For she 'tis keeps Religion on her Throne.
 Tho' Reason cannot mount so wondrous high,
 To see GOD's Glory with a steady Eye,
 Yet Reason tells us, there's a Deity.

For Man to aim at more, who dwells below,
 Is Sin; Presumption ev'n to wish to know.

I wish I cou'd not say Religion too
 Has almost bid the guilty World adieu;

Tho'

Tho' her chaste Rules, were never more profest
Than now they seem; they ne'er were more a
Jest.

She's now converted to a Cloak for Knaves,
And damns, I fear, more People than she saves:
If base Hypocrisy deserves a Hell,
What Sect most merit it, the World can tell;
Well may the Ign'rant Laymen go astray,
When Religion leads 'em from Religion's Way:
Let them look to't, who have the Care of Souls,
And mark, at last, who prove the greatest Fools;
Those who thus ignorant devour the Bait,
Or those close Heads, who frame the base Deceit.
If Man by Man can have his Sins forgiv'n,
The Rich can never be excluded Heav'n:
But Reason has bereft the Soul of Light,
And once more Chaos is return'd, and Night.

Then since Religion's self is almost dead,
Her Virtues too are flying, or are fled:
Charity, that fair, best Character Above,
Scarce pitying others, now is turn'd Self-Love,
Indigence, herself, from Door to Door is led,
By scourging Rascals, who deny her Bread,
Instead of Comfort, finds a noxious Hole,
And Hunger's suffer'd to expel the Soul.
When wholesome Reason has forsook the Mind,
She seldom leaves Humanity behind.

Friendship is now grown but an empty Name,
Unless damn'd Interest preserves the Flame,
Int'rest that o'er the spacious World does rule,
And make a Villain, where it finds no Fool.
Satan himself is true, whilst Int'rest serves,
And where there's none, Man from all Justice
swerves.

What are your Promises from Kings to Kings,
So sacred made, but idle, empty Things?

Whilst

Whilst Int'rest serves, they All endure the Yoke,
 But that once o'er, Alliance soon is broke.
 Promises, now, to no Effect are made,
 And Promise-making is become a Trade,
 Promises serve to make the Husband blind,
 When *vitious* Women promise to be kind,
 And their *lewd* Hearts are wantonly inclin'd. }

Promises tend to make the 'Squire a Fool,
 When first he enters Politician's School;
 When a Blue Ribbon, with a perjur'd Face,
 Shall squeeze his Hand, and promise him a
 Place;

But when his Pocket's drain'd a little dry,
 Both Place and Promises take Wings, and fly.
 Thus do Men Truth for sordid Gold dispise,
 And Mouths of Courtiers, are but Dens of Lies.
 No wonder, Perjury so powerful reigns,
 When Reason's fled, but little Truth remains.
 Were Reason present, Virtue'd ne'er be
 sold

So very frequent, for the Sake of Gold;
 Mankind may own a Pow'r supreme above,
 But Gold they worship, for 'tis Gold they love.

What makes ambitious Fools so fond of
 Pow'r,

But open-mouth'd to catch the Golden Shower?
 Statesmen Affection for their Country show?
 Yet 'tis to Gold she does her Safety owe.

Justice herself by Money is arraign'd,
 The Rich from Wickedness are ne'er restrain'd.
 The poor Rogue's sure to meet his wretched
 Fate,

Whilst wealthy Villains loll in Chairs of State.
 The Youth just come from the Instructing
 School,

Gladly shakes off all Thoughts of Reason's Rule,
 Thinks

Thinks he's already bore it much too long,
 That all is Right he does, tho' all is Wrong.
 If fickle Fortune has not made him great,
 By giving him a competent Estate,
 Cheats and Devices still perplex his Head,
 Compel'd to Roguery to get his Bread.
 Or if the Goddess to the Fool proves kind,
 His little Riches over-weigh his Mind.
 From this Extravagance, to that he runs,
 And what most ruins him, but rarely shuns:
 If perjur'd Beauty strike the Ideor's Eye,
 All Sense of Virtue, does his Lust defy;
 Reason long since too banish'd from her Throne,
 Still on he ventures, and with Joy's undone.
Arabia's Bird thus feeds on high that Fire,
 In whose bright Flames she does at last expire.

How fall'n is Man! from that sublime Degree,
 When GOD created him so sure, so free
 From every Vice, and in him breath'd a Soul,
 Sufficient each Temptation to controul;
 But curs'd Ambition sway'd too much within,
 And to be Greater, tempted him to Sin;
 The Tree of Knowledge tasted, soon he fell,
 And liv'd obnoxious to the Pow'rs of Hell.
 The following Age grew viler than the past,
 Sure to improve the Vices of the last:
 At length there's come a base degen'rate Brood,
 Immur'd to Rapine, and in shedding Blood,
 Who've banish'd Reason, and all nat'ral Love,
 And driven Justice to the Courts above;
 Each to the other proves a mutual Foe,
 And are, themselves, the Source of all their
 Woe.



TO

Z E N A.

THO' Tales of Love to your exalted Mind
Deceitful seem, and for base Ends de-
sign'd;

Yet, gen'rous Maid, expect to meet with here
Nought but the Product of a Soul sincere;

And as gay Truth shall in my Numbers flow,
May lovely *Zena* grant a Lover's Vow:

Flatt'ry I hate, but most of all despise

The fawning Knave, when offerr'd your chaste
Eyes;

As the best Soil on purest White appears,
What swerves from Virtue, still offends thy
Ears:

Justice and Truth, Twin-Sisters dwell in thee,
And in thy Breast commence sweet Harmony.

Fair Nymph, forgive, since *Cupid* bids me sing,

If slighted *Damon* strike the trembling String,

Nor have I need, *Apollo*, to implore

Thy Aid, her Charms are greater, I adore:

Unhappy *Damon*, whom, ill Fate removes,

Far from the Object that he dearest Loves,

Yet in my Thought she ever doth appear,

O that her Person was but half as near,

Swift as a Dove, that cuts the yielding Air,

With eager Steps I'd meet my charming Fair;

Thy

Thy Sight engaging wou'd afford more Charms,
 Than *Jove* receiv'd lock'd in *Alcmena's* Arms :
Jove lov'd three Nights, and then the Fit was
 o'er,

But ten times three cannot exhaust my Store :
 O were I sure that, *Zena*, you possess
 But half the Fire that burns in *Damon's* Breast,
 Then with a Pleasure cou'd I drag my Chain,
 In hopes e'er long, you'd mitigate my Pain.

Ah! fruitless Thought, methinks e'en now
 you stand,

With this Epistle in your tender Hand ;
 With cold Disdain commit it to the Fire,
 Whilst in a greater I myself expire ;
 And angry term Presumption, my Desire. }
 Many there are who round your Beauty wait,
 And knowing that, can't wonder at my Fate ;
 But tho' no Grace, nor Beauty, in me shine,
 Yet think I love you with a Flame Divine ;
 For thy dear Sake, wou'd willing part with all }
 That Men esteem, or good, or pleasant, call,
 For you wou'd gladly live, or wou'd con- }
 tented fall.

Altho' I'm now of every Joy possess'd,
 That Nature heaps to make her Children blest, }
 Yet wanting thee, I cannot taste the rest. }
 What's all her boasted Gifts, alas, to me !
 Thou art her choicest, and I have not thee.
 Not Gally-Slaves more cruel Torments prove, }
 Nor howling Wretches shut from Bliss above, }
 Than he who suffers a rejected Love.

'Till now my Honour kept my Love conceal'd,
 Which else a long Time since had been reveal'd.
 But now gay *Strephon* has resign'd the Prize,
 I, sure, may own the Conquest of your Eyes ;
 But with such Reverence approach your Power,
 As holy Hermits do their Saints adore ;

O that my Saint, as beautiful, were kind,
A truer Votary she shou'd not find.

O *Zena*! *Zena*! think e're 'tis too late,
What Love rejected, may at length create;
Youth, Strength, and Beauty, quickly fly away,
And Love itself is subject to decay;
But your dear Image is engrav'd so deep
Within my Heart, that nought but Death's
great Sleep

Can e're erase it thence. Then lovely Fair,
'Tis hard to die with Love and with Despair;
To Love I cou'd resign my latest Breath,
To die despairing, is too hard a Death.

If, cruel *Zena*, you will still deny,
Where for Relief must wretched *Damon* fly?
Y' immortal Pow'rs, who did all create,
Why was I born to love, and she to hate?
Too partially your Gifts you do bestow
Upon your Race, since all must undergo
Your common Blessing, or your common Wee;
O that I were upon some distant Shore,
Where Winds do grumble, and rough Billows
roar;

Yet even there I shou'd fall short of Rest,
What Wind! what Waves! can cool a Lover's
Breast?

In vain I wish! in vain I promise Aid;
My Love will last until my Life's decay'd.
This is my Comfort; 'twill not long endure,
Death! skillful Death! can work a Lover's
Cure.

The Time is past, you were not so severe,
But I, weak Pilot, knew not how to steer.
I thought myself secure on every part,
Nor dreamt of Tempests, when so near your
Heart:

So

So joyful Marriners the Port descry,
 Nor think of Dangers when approach'd so nigh;
 When, on a sudden, dreadful Storms arise,
 And the lost Haven soon forsakes their Eyes.
 O that I cou'd, in *Ovid's* softer Dress,
 In Strains pathetick, my great Love express;
 Then might I hope a sweet Relapse from Pain,
 But what, alas! can *Damon's* Verse obtain?
 His rustick Numbers cannot hope to please,
 Yet on he sings, to give his Passion ease.
 Thus the fond *Cyclop's* did, in Times of Yore,
 From cruel *Galatea* Aid implore,
 To Rocks and Mountains he pour'd forth his
 Strains,
 Whilst she flow'd by, regardless of his Pains.
 Think not that Heav'n cou'd a Form create
 So gay, so beauteous, purposely to hate;
 Great is thy Power, but thy Mercy small,
 O let me not to Hate, a Victim fall:
 Let me not thus be tortur'd with Despair,
 Say that you pity, tho' no Pity bear,
 The Brave, as well as conquer, take Delight
 to spare.





THE
Norfolk FREEHOLDERS.

A NEW
BALLAD.

To the Tune of, HOGAN of HOUGHTON.

I.
YE **NORFOLK** *Freeholders*, whose generous *Hearts*
 Are Proof against Bribes, and the Courtier's mean
Arts,
 Of your *Freedom* and *Power*, express a true *Sense*,
 And bravely stand up in your *Country's* Defence.
 Let no insignificant *Censures* affright,
 Nor deter you from acting what's *Honest* and *Right*;
 For *Wise-Men* agree (and 'tis sure the same *Thing*)
 That serving our *Country*, is serving our *King*.

II.
 IF *Wisdom* and *Prudence* direct *Now* your *Choice*,
 A *Bacon* and *Woodhouse* lay claim to your *Voice*;
 We know by *Experience* one *Patriot* is just,
 And for *Gold* ne'er betray'd, nor abus'd his great *Trust*.
 To so worthy a *Member* let *Woodhouse* be join'd,
 Whose *Judgment*, whose *Courage*, whose *Greatness* of *Mind*,
 Contemns these *Designs* that are *fordid* and *base*,
 And can ne'er be corrupted by *Pension* or *Place*.

I H T

III. YOUR

III.

YOUR Foreign *Monsieur's* may their Liberty loose,
 And be doom'd all their Lives to wear Wooden-Shoes,
 Hard Restraints may be laid upon *Russians*, and *Poles*,
 But it's *Liberty* suits best with true *English* Souls;
 Let's agree, and abandon then each servile Knave,
 Who for Honour or Gain would his Country enslave,
 For ever oppose Boys, such narrow soul'd *Eves*,
 And choose Men as *Free*, and as *Braue* as yourselves.

IV.

COME, an Health to Sir *EDMUND*, and round
 let it pass,
 May he be *Excis'd* that refuses his Glass;
 What Curse more severe can befall the fond Fool,
 Who tamely submits to become a Court Tool?
 Sir *EDMUND* the Noble, the Generous and Wise,
 Detests from his Heart that damn'd Scheme of *Excise*;
 Our Trade he'll defend as the Source of all Wealth,
 Let us Vote in His Interest, and Drink to his Health,

V.

THE *Casty* may gull, and deceive the Unwise,
 And with Gravity propagate marvellous Lies;
 But all who have common Discretion and Sense,
 Discern their Design and Laugh at their Pretence;
 Thus we know, that the Tale about the *Tithe-Bill*,
 Is the pure Invention of Politic Skill;
 These are Methods oft practis'd, so says, Dr. *SWIFT*,
 When a bad Cause is sinking, and at the last Shift.

VI.

BUT hold —, One more Glass we will drink
 tho' we die,
 'Tis an Health to a *Woodhouse* —, sure none can deny;
 May He with Sir *EDMUND* meet equal Success,
 May Heaven indulgent their Enterprizes bless;
 And may ev'ry Country Now meet with such Friends,
 Who like *Bacon* and *Woodhouse* have no private Ends;
 Then, then, shall fair *Liberty* splendid appear,
 And the *Plow*, with our Trade shall enrich us each
 Year.



C—T HONESTY.

IF, by some sad Mischance in Trade,
 A Dealer has a Failure made,
 His Creditors, both great and small,
 Cry out upon him, one and all,
 What a sad Knave is this, to bite us !
 What Trifles has he left to right us !
 Where is the Villain ? Could I find him,
 Says one, You'd see how fast I'd bind him ;
 Had he been honest, he'd have told us,
 And not in's own Disasters roll'd us.
 Each, cruel as a *Jew*, or *Turk*,
 Sets all his Engines hard to work ;
 Baliffs, and Baliffs-Dogs, are out,
 With each some sorry Scoundrel scout,
 To trap the Wretch, whose horrid Fau't,
 Is t' owe more than he has got
 To pay ; and, being caught, is haul'd,
 To be by Mr. *Bum* enthal'd
 In some dark dismal lousy Cell,
 The dire Epitome of Hell ;
 From thence, if Plaintiff won't hear Reason,
 He's ludg'd in hast away to Prison,
 There to mourn out a wretched Life,
 Torn from his Family and Wife ;
 And they must beg, or starve and perish,
 Without one Soule their Souls to cherish ;
 And all because 'twas Fortune's Will
 The Man should her Displeasure feel.

Now,

Now, should we take a Trip to Court,
 There Trade and Tradesmen are a Sport;
 Conscience is laughed out of Doors,
 And Fools and Knaves are seen by Scores
 Courtiers, to shine at Masquerade,
 And flaunt it out in rich Brocade,
 In Gold and Silver, Silk and Lace,
 With neither Honesty, nor Grace;
 Meanly submit their lofty Looks,
 To get in honest Tradesmens Books;
 And when they're call'd upon to pay,
 You must another Twelve-month stay;
 Tenants are broke, and left their Land,
 And others know not how to stand:
 Besides all this, my Lord has had
 A Run of Luck most dreadful bad;
 Quadrille has late his Lordship made
 A Debtor in the Gaming Trade,
 And Debts of Honour must be paid:
 Therefore, says Steward, I advise,
 If you your Time and Labour prize,
 No longer make yourself a Bubble,
 Nor give my Lord this needless Trouble;
 For, if you should again intrude,
 Indeed, my Friend, I must be rude:
 This I assure you, on my Word,
 Is the good Pleasure of my Lord.
 And can there be at Court a Peer
 So base as we've described here?
 There is; I could freely name him,
 If by so doing I cou'd shame him:
 However, guess —— Says one, I will,
 Pray Heaven it be not T——
 He who has built a noble House,
 For which he has not paid a Souse;
 The same to furnish he is willing,
 If he cou'd do't without a Shilling

Charge

Charge to himself, or least Expence;
 But the Upholsterer has Sense;
 Too much he's suffer'd from him, I know,
 And will not budge without the *Rino*:
 So, there it stands, how melancholy!
 A Monument of noble Folly!



BEAUTY.

A Burlesque P O E M.

*Inscrib'd to the Lady H-----n,
 formerly Miss E-----s.*

IF God, who's perfect, infinitely wise,
 Has made each Thing that entertains the
 Eyes,
 And if when made can his great Wisdom please,
 Whose Mind's so curious and unerring sees
 The wondrous Products of this spacious Ball,
 How comes it then that Beauty does not fall
 As well as Life, the Property of all? }
 Why are some few for their great Beauty
 priz'd?

But many more for Ugliness despis'd.

True Beauty is a Quality divine,
 Which human Knowledge cannot well define, }
 And most admir'd where she least does shine. }
 If lavish Nature has bestow'd a Face,
 Largely endow'd with each attractive Grace,

To

To these Perfections giv'n a pleasing Air,
 That justly stile her Fairest of the Fair :
 The charming Toy is so elate with Pride,
 She thinks the Goddess must in her reside ;
 Consults her Glass imagines there she finds
 Charms fit to captivate the proudest Minds :
 The Queen of Hearts she uncontroul'd must
 reign,

And views her own Sex with a cold Disdain ;
 Yet some, perhaps, might all these Charms
 dispose,

And One, less charming, better please the Eyes.
Strephon, perhaps, may *Flavia's* Face reject,
 Yet *Damon* pay it a profound Respect.

W'e fancy Beauty wheresoe'er we love,
 And every Woman may a Beauty prove ;
 For Lovers cannot Imperfections find,
 By others seen, for every Lover's blind.
 Thus is the Goddess worship'd here below,
 By waw'ring Fancy, and eternal Shew.

But let those vain Idoleters all know,
 That Beauty dwells not in a Sphere so low :
 And never yet cou'd Man her Glories trace,
 Within the Confines of a human Face.

Wou'd Man a real lasting Beauty find,
 Choose not by Outside, but inspect the Mind ;
 There 'tis the Goddess keeps her awful Seat,
 And treads down Pride beneath her splendid
 Feet.

Justice and Truth flow from her happy Sphere,
 Nor durst Hypocrisy her Throne come near.

Envy and Malice from her Presence fly,
 And shun the Brightness of her purer Eye :
 In her shines Goodness, and seraphic Love,
 And all that can to Admiration move.



Cupid rival'd by *Bacchus*:

OR, THE

Carbuncled Lady.

Inscrib'd to the SAME.

CLARA was once a Beauty and a Toast,
 And could of Charms and mighty Con-
 quests boast;
 And long fair *Clara* *Cupid's* Darling shone,
 And Beauty's Empire seem'd to rule alone.
Bacchus, provok'd to see the Urchin's Game,
 Resolv'd to spoil his Sport, and gain the Dame;
 So ply'd her hard with *Brandy*, *Wine*, and *Gin*,
 And *Clara* takes 'em all most freely in.
Bacchus was pleas'd to see rich Rubies rise,
 All o'er her Face, and bloating in her Eyes:
Cupid, says he, go make thy fruitless Moan;
 My Stamp's upon her, and she's all my own.

THE



THE
Politick LADY:
 OR,
TRIAL *the best* PROOF of
ABILITY.

Inscrib'd to the SAME

Miss had a Fortune vastly great,
 And with the First at Court she flaunted,
 But there's no Happiness compleat,
 If any single Thing is wanted.

This was our *Chloe's* wretched Case,
 She slept alone, when sleep she cou'd ;
 She would not willingly disgrace
 Herself, her Family, nor Blood.

To marry, she at last resolv'd ;
 But how if Matters shou'd not fit ?
 This on her Pillow she revolv'd,
 And fear'd she shou'd at last be bit.

Such a Misfortune to prevent,
She thinks, and many Ways contrives;
For Marriage, sure, was never meant
For Ladies to be Virgin Wives.

A Lady-Lord was deeply smitten,
And made his Tenders all his Form;
Letters of Love and Sonnets written,
All spoke his Passion very warm.

Chloe convinc'd, his Forms approv'd,
Yet still refus'd to sign a Seal;
His Vows she heard, his Person lov'd,
Yet better Proofs she wanted still.

My Lord, by fierce Desires led,
Resolves his Love shall not miscarry;
So, boldly clasps her in her Bed,
And then — What then? — She's free to
marry.

But many Months first took to prove,
If he was sound, and strong, and able;
And when she found all right for Love,
She lock'd the Stallion in her Stable.





SHAM LOYALTY:

OR, THE

Disappointed Poet.

A Certain high exalted Cit,
 Abounding more with *Pride* than *Wit*,
 Is fam'd for scurging wanton Whores,
 And loud for *Reformation* roars;
 Old Bawds and Bullies, woe betide 'em,
 If e'er he comes a-long a-side 'em;
 A mortal *Enemy* is he
 To ev'ry Sort of *Larceny*:
 Nor, sure, can any Christian blame him,
 No more than any one can *shame* him:
 And is he not much in the Right,
 Since he can get good *Money* by't?
 This *Tillage* yields a better *Crop*,
 Than the dull *Bus'ness* of a *Shop*:
 Besides all this, he is a *Whig*,
 Nor for the *Tories* cares a *Fig*;
 Staunch for the *Court*, and all their *Measures*,
 And always suppliant to their *Pleasures*:
 For *George*, and *Orange*, who but he?
 In that he's right, all must agree;

As

As by the Sequel will appear;
To all most evidently clear.

A tatter'd Poet, rich in Thought,
Worth not a single *Harry's* Groat,
Had wrote some Lines *, extreamly loyal, }
And much applauded they were by all,
Encomiums on the Princess Royal.

The Poet, 'vis'd by Fortune-tellers,
Inscribes 'em to Sir _____
Then, under Seal, folds up the Poem,
And so delivers it unto him.

The Knight the Bill of Parcels op'd;
Behold, beyond what're he hop'd;
He sees, with pleasing Admiration,
His Name at large in Dedication;
But, e're another Line he read,
This prudent Speech came from his Head;
'Tis mighty well, my Friend, but I,
Long since, protested solemnly,
What're I do, and if I know it,
Ne're to give Money to a Poet.

This is the Patriot, whose Pretensions
To Loyalty exceed Dimensions;
But tho' he seems so wondrous staunch,
He values neither Root nor Branch;
Nor does he care a single Straw,
(If one may just Conclusions draw)
For either *Brunswick*, or *Nassau*. }

* The Epithalamium on the Royal Marriage.



STEPHEN DUCK'S

Congratulatory POEM on the Nuptials of the Prince of Orange, with the Princess Royal of England.

YE Sons of *Apollo*, whose Censure, or Praise,
With equal Regard still affect my dull
Lays;

Give Ear to my Ditty, nor think it a Shame,
That *Duck* (like a *Phoenix*) revives from his
Flame:

Dares once more engage the bold Pens of his
Time,
And, Swan-like, hums out his Declension in
Rhime.

Then, *Hymen*, with Flambeaux and Torches
so bright,
Direct the blind Bard thro' the Shades of dark
Night:

Let him sing, like old *Homer*, of *Venus* and *Mars*,
This fam'd for her Beauty, and that for his Wars.
Were

Were my Pen but as long as my Flail, how I'd
write

Of Conjugal Raptures, and am'rotis Plight :
How the Goddeſs and God in Conjunction were
laid,

Breath'd nothing by Transport, and *Cupid* obey'd,
Rais'd mutual Deſires in each other's ſoft Breast,
Exalted to Pleaſures, which can't be expreſs'd,
'Till vanquiſh'd by Love, and its powerful
Alarms,

Both jointly confeſs'd, they were both rich in
Charms.

Methinks I behold now *Leander* embark,
Divide the rough Surges, and ſteer thro' the
Dark ;

Send Pray'rs to *Neptune*, to land him on Shore,
And give him the Nymph whom his Soul does
adore ;

Whiſt *Hero* with languiſhing Eyes does behold
Th' adventurous Lover, more dear than her
Gold.

Now turns from *Abydos* to *Sestos* her Eyes,
And, with Looks of Expectance, ſolicits the
Prize ;

Whiſt *Tritons* attend round the am'rous Youth,
Sound Peals of loud Joy for this Inſtance of
Truth :

As his Arms cleave the VVaves, his Deſires grow
more high,

And, at Sight of the Fair, dies in Tranſports
of Joy.

Thus *Orange* and *Ann* — but what Praiſe can
I pay,

To Objects ſo worthy, ſo beauteous as they ?
He,

He the Pride of her Heart, She the Joy of her
Swain,

She the Wish of the Dales, He the Song of the
Plain.

But the Muse now grown faint, and the Twist
of his Arm,

By the Jerk of the Flail, has enfeebled each
Charm

That enlivens a Bard, and keeps his Thought
warm.

Then pardon, thou Prince most serene, and
give Ear,

Vouchsafing Indulgence to what I declare;

Let *Augusta* confess in the loudest Acclaims,

From her Tow'rs to the Streets, from her Streets
to the *Thames*;

From the *Thames* to the Fields, from the Fields
to the Grove,

Th' unparallel'd Views of their parallel Love.

More, more, would the Bard, but he told you
before

The Burthen's as great as his Shoulders e'er bore;

Be content with a little, 'tis all he can give,

His Capacity's weak, and he hopes you'll believe;

Yet he thinks he could stretch out a Line or two
more,

And describe the loud Eccho's that rung on the
Shore,

When his Highness approach'd, and the Signal
was known

That *Nassau!* great *Nassau!* arriv'd at our Town;

How the Streets were in Blaze, and the Fires
strove to vie

With the Houses celestial, and Stars in the Sky;

How Fame with her Trumpet from *Greenwich*
 resounded,
 And the Guns from the *Tow'r* all thundred
 around it ;
 How *St. James's* receiv'd the glad News from
 the *Tow'r*,
 And how all were alarm'd at that critical Hour :
 What vast Preparations at the Gate of King *Lud*,
 How the Captives all hop'd to spring out of the
 Mud ;
 But I wish that their Hopes with Success be
 attended,
 And if *Orange* sure please, they'll be surely be-
 friended.

But, Muse, t'other Touch on your musical
 Lyre,
 For I'm perfectly loth from this Theme to retire.
 What Pleasure at Court when the Hero appear'd,
 His Person how worship'd, his Name how rever'd ?
 What Bows, and what Cringes, from Dukes and
 from Lords,
 How the Ladies couped and all slid on the Boards ?
 But, oh ! I want Pow'r to express and proclaim
 What unusual Alarms seiz'd the princely fair
 Dame ;
 With what Joy and Transport she view'd the
 new Guest,
 The Thoughts of whose Virtues long roll'd in
 her Breast.
 So sings *Stephen Duck* — But, ah ! how can I cease,
 To thrash out good Thoughts, from the thresh-
 ing bad Pease ;
 To labour the Muse, and drub her dull Side,
 'Till she quakes with Resentment, and humbles
 her Pride ;

'Till

'Till in Verse, truly mine, she repeats *Keyber's*
Ode,

And describes all in *Fresco* the Booth *a-la-mode* ;
Assigns those vile Hands a Chastisement in Birch,
Who lop'd off the Tossels, and pillag'd the
Church ;

Profan'd sacred Use, but I wish 'em good Luck,
So I once more subscribe myself Yours

STEPHEN DUCK.



HARPER Triumphant :

OR, THE

Drury-Lane TRAGEDY.

IN spite of Malice and a factious few,
Who, to enrich themselves, will some-
thing do,
And others ruin, tho' they care not who ;
Harper, the first, who felt their furious Rage,
Harper, the Glory of the *English* Stage,
Mounts HIGH, MORE high than they, in Tri-
umph rides,
And yet serenely, like deep Water, glides.
By Law, *unlawfully*, to *Bridewell* sent,
Tho' hard his Lot, yet still he seem'd content :
At length, by Law, he, (*lawfully*) obtain'd
His Liberty, and great Applause he gain'd.

Such

Such is his Temper, such his gen'rous Soul,
 Revenge nor Injury his Mind controul;
 With sprightly Joy, and chearful Heart he
 pays
 His Debts, nor wou'd he, by illegal Ways,
 Be RICH; the brightest Virtues he displays.
 Such *Harper* is, and such as this his Case;
 Nor does he labour under foul Disgrace,
 But maugre Envy, shews an *honest* Face.
 In doleful Dumps his Enemies now sit,
 And shake their Heads to see an empty Pit;
 Forlorn the Benches are, the Boxes too,
 Not Twenty in the Galleries they view:
 And yet they strut, with awker'd Air and Mein,
 Like the great Booby in the *Fairy Queen*.
 With a Mock-brav'ry, and heavy Hearts,
 They strive, in vain, to act the brightest Parts;
 They glitter much, but still their Out-side
 shining
 Does rob their Pockets of their Inside-Lining.

F I N I S.

